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Allegro
ALCANZOR & ZAYDA

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or

ALCANZOR & ZAYDA

A Moorish Tale

Composed by Sig.^r GIORDANI.

with an Accompaniment for a

PIANO-FORTE or HARP.

Entered at Stationer's Hall

Pr. R

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Poco Andante
e Affettuoso



Gentle blow the evening breeze, softly fall the rays of night; yonder

walks the Moor ALICANZOR, glowing, ere thy glaze of light; in yon

Palace lives fair ZALDA, whom he loves with flame to purer livelier

She of Moorish La-dies, He a young and noble Moor, livelier

She of Moorish La-dies, He a young and noble Moor.



For the other Verses see the next Page

For the Guittar

Poco Andante e Affettuoso

Like the evening breezes, softly fall the dews of night, yonder
walks the Maori ALCAZOR, turning every glare of light, in your
Palace lives fair ZAIDA, whom he loves with flame so pure: loveliest
She of Moorish Ladies, He a young and noble Maori, valiant
She of Moorish Ladies, He a young and noble Maori.

2

Waiting for the appointed Minute,
 Of her place to and fro
 Stopping, going, and moving forward:
 Sometimes quick and sometimes slow,
 Hope and fear alternate tears flow
 O'er his sigh with heart felt care:
 See, fond Youth, in yonder window
 Solidly sleep the timorous Fair.

3

Loudly tremble the Moon's Fort before,
 To the lost brightest Star;
 When, all silent, bright, and clear,
 Gilding Moon, star, Grove, and Plain
 Lonely beam the Sun's full glory,
 To the heart of Saturn's eye;
 When, from nature's stern disposition
 O'er the Water his influence flies.

4

But a thousand times more fondly
 To her longing Love's light,
 Stood, half lost, the beamless Mariner,
 Thus the glimmerings of the night
 Tip-toe round the ocean's Lover,
 Whispering forth a gentle love;
 ALL A* keep close, lovely Lady;
 Tell me, am I destined to die?

5

Is it true, the dreadful Story,
 Which thy Doubt tells my Poesy,
 That, seduc'd by fond riches,
 Thou wilt sell thy Bloom to Age?
 An old Lord from Antiquess,
 Thy stain father brings along;
 But count thou, inconstant Zaida,
 Thus consent my Love to wrong?

6

It's true, now plainly tell me:
 Not thus trifle with my Woe!
 Hide not, thou, from me the Secret
 Which the World for clearly knowst
 Deeply sigh'd the conscious Mariner,
 While the pearly Tears descend;
 Ah! my Lord, too true the Story,
 Here our tender Loves must end.

7

Our fond friendship is discover'd,
 Well we know our mutual Vow;
 All my Friends are full of fury,
 Storms of passion shake the house:
 Threats, reproaches, fears surround me,
 My stern Father breaks my bow;
 ALL A* knows how dear it costs me,
 Generous Youth, from thee to part.

8

A heart's request of hostile force,
 Long have read me Horie and thine
 Why, then, did thy Father's Will
 With this tender Heart of mine?
 Well thou know'st how dear I hold thee,
 'Spoke of all their Latch I find;
 Tho' I had of my glory's Father
 Never would I let me be thy Bride.

9

Will thou know'st what cruel hiding
 Of thee from my Father's hand?
 What I've to bid here to meet thee,
 Still at the solitary point
 I no longer may tell thee,
 All to thee my hand consents
 As I must, in thy Real
 This weak frame I must resign.

10

Yet think not thy faithful Zaida
 Can forget to grieve or wrong;
 Well my broken Heart aches for me
 That my arms will not be long
 From all, from all, from all!
 Farewell, too, my life with thee!
 Take this Soul, a parting Token!
 When thou dost it think on me.

11

Send, for'd Youth, soon no thier Maiden
 Shall retain thy generous Truth
 Sometimes tell her how thy Zaida
 Died for thee in name of Amity —
 To him, all unaid, consigned,
 Thus she did her name impart
 Deep he sigh'd, then cried O' Zaida,
 Do not, do not break my heart.

12

Canst thou think I thus will to thee,
 Canst thou hold my Love so small?
 Not a thousand times I'll perish!
 My curse and all thou shall tell:
 Canst thou, wilt thou, fold thus to them,
 O break forth, and fly to me!
 This fond Heart shall bleed to see thee,
 These fond Arms shall chaste thee.

13

'Tis in vain, in vain, Alas, my
 Spies surround me, Boys surround
 Sooner I steal this last dear Moment
 While my Doubt keeps the door
 Shut, I hear my Father humming!
 Hark, I hear my Mother chide!
 I must go — farewell for ever!
 Gracious ALL A be thy Guide.